

The Fastest Possible Trotter.

How fast will the fastest possible trotter go? What is the highest speed that can ever be attained by the American trotting horse for a distance of one mile?

These are questions which well known scientific men, Prof. William H. Brewer, of Connecticut, and Mr. Francis E. Nipher, of Missouri, have lately endeavored to answer in three papers contributed to the *American Journal of Science*. The first of these articles, by Prof. Brewer, appeared in April. The contributions of Mr. Nipher are published in the numbers for July and August.

Prof. Brewer publishes a table showing the number of trotting horses which have attained or surpassed various rates of speed ranging from 2:30 to 2:11 for a series of years extending from 1843 to 1892. From this table it appears that in 1843 there was only one horse that had trotted a mile in 2:30 or better; in 1853 the number had increased to 14; in 1863 to 59; in 1873 to 376; in 1882 to 1,684. The table also shows that up to 1882, 495 horses had trotted a mile in 2:25 or better; 275 in 2:23 or better; 156 in 2:21 or better; 60 in 2:19 or better; 18 in 2:17 or better, and 8 in 2:15 or better. "I leave it to mathematicians," said Prof. Brewer in reference to the table, "to plot the curves which immediately suggest themselves to determine how fast horses will ultimately trot and when this maximum will be reached."

Mr. Nipher has undertaken the task thus suggested. His first conclusion, as stated in the July number of the *American Journal of Science*, was that the maximum speed to which the American trotting horse will constantly approximate, but never reach, is one mile in 92 seconds, or 1:32. He also concludes that the time of the trotting horse will be reduced to within one second of this figure in 360 years after the year 1860; that is to say, in the year of our Lord 2220. Mr. Nipher does not claim absolute precision for his results, and says that the maximum speed may possibly be as great as 100 seconds. In the course of ten years, however, he thinks the limit can be fixed with accuracy, and he is quite clear that eventually the maximum speed of trotting and running horses will differ only by a few seconds.

In his last article Mr. Nipher states that he has made a new calculation by mathematical instead of graphical methods, and has thus obtained 91 seconds, instead of 92 seconds, as the most probable figures for the minimum time of trotting a mile. The probable error of this value, he says, is not over four seconds, and it is not likely that the running horse will cut his record down by five seconds, so that it is probable the trotter will finally surpass the running horse.

If this prediction is verified, the inhabitants of the United States in the twenty-third century will have horses that can get over the ground by means of an artificial gait faster than a natural gait. We believe all writers agree that running is natural to horses, while fast trotting is not. Mr. Nipher states, however, as a well-known fact that some herds of wild horses on the plains were natural pacers, so fast and steady that they nearly all preserved their paces when even when pursued by the best running horses. He speaks of one large white Texan pacer that could never be caught. —N. Y. Sun.

Fascinated by Funerals.

"Do you see that nice-looking little old lady over by the stained window?" asked a fashionable undertaker of the reporter. "I mean the quaint, respectable-looking little personage, with the black satin dress and black crape shawl."

The reporter saw her. "Well," continued the undertaker, with an appreciative smile. "She's as fine a regular attendant as any establishment in this city can produce. I send her an invitation to all my nice funerals, and I have sometimes sent a carriage for her when I knew mourners would be scarce. She is never really happy unless she is at a funeral. She won't touch weddings, as most people will, her sole amusement, so to speak, is a first-class funeral; and the undertaker looked over to the old lady with a tender professional interest."

"I have some other nice people on my list, he went on. "One of my most graceful mourners lives on Forty-eighth street, and seldom gets down this way, but she hardly ever passes a day without a funeral, and I never saw her at one when she couldn't shed tears with the best of them. She's one of the heart-brokenest ladies I ever had for a 'regular.' Does she really feel badly? Well, I should say she did, most decidedly. She always has a word to say to the family, if she thinks they need comforting, and is very careful to learn all the particulars. Why, she can tell me the details about some of my own funerals that I had forgotten years ago. She's as good as a set of books."

"Oh, no, there's nothing hysterical about these cases at all. I've got some men that do just the same thing. There is one now. He's a curious customer. I sometimes lose sight of him for six months, and then all of a sudden he'll turn up and not miss a funeral. Of course, I couldn't ask the women folks why they came, but I asked him one day. He said he couldn't describe exactly the kind of feeling it gave him, but he thought it sort of quieted his mind and soothed his feelings like. He made one remark about it that I never could quite get the hang of, though I dare say it had a certain meaning for him. He said, 'I haven't got any friends at all myself, and so I like to go to funerals.' A lady volunteered almost the same kind of remarks to me once after she had been to four or five of my best funerals. She said it to make me feel kind of friendly, you know, and then they are kind to me; and, besides I feel afraid and solemn, and it always does me good."

"I think it would be unjust to call it mere curiosity that brings them here, though I have noticed that some of these people watch every detail with the most intense curiosity. They seem fascinated by the presence of death, and their sympathies are moved by the grief of the living. You might think they were very solemn people, but the contrary is the case. Some of them are remarkably cheerful, in fact. That little old lady is always very pleasant and vivacious during the ceremony is over. She always comes up and shakes hands with me, and

is as agreeable a person as one would wish to meet."

"There's an unusually lively and pleasant gentleman living in the Ninth ward who occasionally drops in at my funerals. He does not make it a point to go to them, but, as he says himself, he can never get past them. He told me he was obliged to go in; no matter how important his business might be, he would forget all about it as soon as he saw the hearse and carriages. The first time I saw him at a funeral I thought he was certainly one of the nearest relatives. He is a very large, round-faced, benevolent-looking gentleman, that would be observed in any crowd. On this occasion, after he had looked at the deceased person for a few moments, he became greatly overcome with emotion, and some one led him to a chair. Each one of the mourners supposed, of course, that he was known to the others. He wept throughout the discourse, and after it was over shook hands all around with the mourners, and showed a good deal of fervor and, I have no doubt, genuine sympathy. I did not know until some time afterward that he was a dunnym—that's the name we sometimes call them by. This man is really as jolly a fellow as you ever met, and they say he has been requested to leave theatres more than once, in case he would not subdue a particularly substantial laugh which he possesses. In fact, most of these people who love to go to funerals are good-hearted people. It is not true, as has sometimes been said, that they are touched a little in the head. The fact seems to be that they are emotional and sympathetic, and are strongly affected by any awe-inspiring scene. Even young girls and boys have now and then a fancy for funerals, though none of them can say why. Most of them say it makes them 'feel better,' but if you ask where or how, they cannot say. They all watch everything as though in a sort of dream."

"One of my best hearse drivers used, as a boy, to be a regular attendant at funerals. One day he came around to my stable and asked if he might help us. I let him do so, and after a while he used to take a hand regularly in keeping the hearse in order. When he got old enough to go to work his father had to bring him to me—he wouldn't work anywhere else. If you ask him why he likes this business, he'll tell you he don't know. A slim, middle-aged man here addressed the undertaker, in a most friendly manner. The slim man suggested that there might be some way he could be of use before the services were done."

"Now, there's a man," said the undertaker, "who is interested only in the mechanical part of the business. He goes to almost all my funerals, but seems to feel no special sorrow or sympathy. His whole mind is taken up with the conduct of the funeral. To suit him, the business must be done with the most solemn exactitude. He said to me the other day that if he could only once have complete charge of a large funeral he would be happy for the rest of his life." —N. Y. Sun.

An Indian Jungle.

A gloomy damp forest it was, with thick underwood and high trees excluding the sun's cheering and drying influence; immense, apparently endless, rope-like rattans and creepers hung in festoons everywhere, long beard-like silvery gray lichen, and here and there brilliantly colored and fantastically shaped orchids adorned the giant stems, the only bright color in the monotony of shades of green, except when a gorgeously colored parakeet flashed past screeching, or a more sober tree dove flew startled from its hiding place. Sometimes we met a party of laughing thrushes, chuckling to themselves as if over some very good joke, never quiet for one moment, perpetually bustling about from branch to branch. They nearly always attend a large company of jungle fowl, the ancestors of our domestic bird, under the leadership of that most magnificent potentate, the jungle cock, who struts about in his brilliant plumage, armed with his long spurs, and making the forest echo with his defiant crow. Startled by our approach, with a cawing and a cackling, off they go, making for the nearest bush or tree, upon the branches of which they settle, but not before they have contributed their share to our laughter. The young birds are very good eating; the old ones will only just do for soup of the thinnest nature. But we have also paid toll to the inhabitants of the forest—a toll collected in nothing less precious than in our own life-blood, inexorably exacted, in spite of all precaution and care. The curse of the damp forests—the leech—is the tax-gatherer, and, do what one will, there is no escaping him. Tiny little eel-like creatures wait for the traveler everywhere, standing up erect, and twisting their attenuated head extremity about, constantly feeling about for something to fasten upon. Almost thread-like, half starved, and hideous, they dispute the passage through the jungle paths, and cling to any living thing that may pass. Nothing will keep them out with their needle-like heads; they work their way through any stocking, through the smallest opening in boot, gaiter, or garment, and very soon they are hard at work gorging themselves until they drop from sheer repletion and weight, leaving, however, the wound still bleeding. The leeches are horrid creatures, and not only is the attack made from below, but they find their way down the nape of one's neck, brushed from the leaves and branches on the road. The natives, who generally go about bare-legged, discover the bloodsucker before he has done much damage, but the European, with his more elaborate clothing, has to wait patiently and suffer until he can remove it and wreak his vengeance on these pests of the jungle. —The London Field.

A lunatic in the general hospital, of Buffalo, N. Y., was given a private room on the third floor, and taking advantage of an open door recently, he rushed out and jumped through the window opposite of the door to the ground, a distance of fifty feet. His keepers, who saw him leap, hastened down stairs expecting to find a lifeless corpse. Instead, however, they were surprised to find him sitting up in the grass as complacently as if he had used the free-escape in descending. —Buffalo Express.

Great Loss in the Diamond Fields.

The late unfavorable news from the African diamond fields has been the cause for quite an advance in diamonds both in Europe and American markets.

Mr. H. B. Joseph, one of the passengers by the Austrian bark, Lea, just arrived at New York from Cape Town, and who is a Cape commission dealer in diamonds, copper, wool, etc., tells most distressing tales of the great suffering in Cape Colony. In parts of the country, he says, there has been no rain for three years, and the people are starving. The condition of affairs in Cape Town, at Kimberley, Du Toits Pan (the diamond fields), the Leydenburg gold fields, the Orange Free State, and surrounding country is worse than it has been for years. What adds to the general distress consequent on the failure of the crops, is a disaster at the great diamond mine at Kimberley, 600 miles up from Cape Town and 400 miles from Natal. The mine is 380 feet deep and 1½ miles in circumference. The soft debris has fallen back into the mine in such quantities that it is estimated that eighteen months will be required for its removal.

Upward of 4,000 tons fell within twenty-four hours. The extent of the calamity can be judged by the fact that this celebrated mine has yielded \$15,000,000 in diamonds a year. The effect at Cape Town has been most disastrous. The revenue has fallen off 50 per cent, and the mining shares have gone down to 75 per cent. It is estimated, said Mr. Joseph, that it will cost \$1,250,000 to clear the mine. The fall in the price of diamond shares has ended in a great tragedy. There are sixty-five diamond mining companies, with a subscribed capital of \$35,000,000, and of these companies only fourteen are paying dividends. Most of these mines are within a radius of 150 miles, and at an average of 600 miles from Cape Town. The extent of the commercial convulsion is illustrated by the Great Central Diamond Company. It has a subscribed capital of \$4,500,000, and paid taxes on \$4,200,000. Two years ago the shares were rated \$1,800 each, but to-day they are worth only \$400. The Freres' Diamond Mining Company at De Beers, a quarter of a mile from the Kimberley mine, with a subscribed capital of \$650,000—\$500 a share—has been sold out by the Sheriff for \$75,000 for rates owed to the mining board.

Mr. Herm Wilegroot, a leading merchant, blew out his brains on account of all these troubles, and two weeks afterward Mr. R. S. Schonz, resident magistrate, killed himself. Altogether, there have been about ten suicides of leading men caused by the commercial depression. The most terrible stories of starvation come from the copper region, especially from the neighborhood of the Manamaeland mines. Cape Segarish said that commercial circles in Cape Colony are so greatly depressed that many of the colonists are returning to Europe, especially to England. He said he could have brought many more passengers if he had had room.

If these reports prove true, there is no doubt but that the recent advance of from twenty-five to thirty per cent in diamonds will be followed by others, and those dealers who have bought before the rise will be among the most fortunate of the trade. —Jeweler's Journal.

A Very Good Egg Story.

Last April parties from Paterson rented a building on Broad street in this city. They began a manufacturing business, and evidently did a lively trade. Barrels and boxes were shipped daily to New York. They employed a score or more of workmen, who were reticent when questioned about their work. I went into the place the other day to solicit an advertisement for the *Sunday Call*. I found the proprietor an educated and refined gentleman. He invited me into his office, and I questioned him about his business.

"Well," he replied, after a moment's hesitation, "I can't say that we wish to advertise, nor, in fact, to have our business known; but as it will probably all leak out before long, I may as well tell you. We are making artificial eggs by a process of my own, on which I have but recently received my patents. Look in the other room. All the eggs you see there are made in this place. Here is one. Let me break it open." He broke it open, and showed me what appeared to be the inside of a real egg. "Oh, it's a fact."

"Do you mean to say that you made that egg without the assistance of a hen?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "and if you wish I will show you something of our process. Come."

He led me through the room in which there were stored boxes upon boxes of eggs, and into another large, cool room in the rear. Everything was clean and neat. Several strange-looking wooden machines, totally unlike anything I had ever seen, stood in different parts of the room. Six or seven men were operating the machinery, which moved noiselessly and with great rapidity. I followed my conductor to one end of the apartment where there were three large tanks or vats. One was filled with a yellow compound, the second with a starch mixture, and the other was covered. Pointing to these the proprietor said: "These contain the yolk mixture and the white of egg. We empty the vats every day, so you can judge of the extent of the business already. Let me show you one of the machines. You see they are divided into different boxes or receptacles. The first and second are for yolk and white. The next is what we term the 'skin' machine, and the last one is the sheller, with drying trays. This process is the result of many years of experience and expense. I first conceived the idea after making a chemical analysis of an egg. After a long time I succeeded in making a good imitation of an egg. I then directed my attention to making the machinery, and the result you see for yourself. Of course it would not be policy for me to explain all the mechanism, but I'll give you an idea of the process. Into the first machine is put the yolk mixture."

"What is that?" I asked.

"Well, it's a mixture of Indian meal, corn starch, and several other ingredients. It is poured into the opening in a thick, mushy state, and is formed by the machine into a ball and frozen. In this condition it passes into the other box,

where it is surrounded by the white, which is chemically the same as the real egg. This is also frozen, and by a peculiar rotary motion of the machine an oval shape is imparted to it, and it passes into the next receptacle, where it receives the thin flexible rind. After this it has only to go into the sheller, where it gets its last coat in the shape of a plaster of Paris shell, a trifle thicker than the genuine article. Then it goes out on the drying trays, where the shell dries at once, and the inside thaws out gradually. It becomes, to all appearances, a real egg."

"How many eggs can you turn out in a day?"

"Well, as we are running now, we turn out a thousand or so every hour."

"Many orders?"

"Why, bless your soul, yes. We cannot fill one-half of our orders. All we can make now are taken by two New York wholesale grocers alone. We charge \$13 per thousand for them, and they retail at all prices, from twelve to thirty cents per dozen. We sell only to the wholesale houses. I suppose plenty of these eggs are eaten in Newark as well as in other places. Col. Zulick, Billy Wright, Honest Andrew Albright, Joe Haines, Judge Johnson, Judge Henry, and all Newark's candidates for Governor, are living on them. They are perfectly harmless, and as substantial and wholesome as a real egg. The reason we made the machinery of wood is because we found that the presence of metal of any kind spoiled the flavor and prevented the cooking of the eggs."

"Can they be boiled?"

"Oh, yes," and he called one of the men. "Here, Jim, boil this gentleman an egg."

"Can they be detected?" I inquired, while the bogus egg was being boiled.

"I hardly think that anybody would be likely to observe any difference unless he happened to be well posted, as they look and taste like the real thing. We can by a little flavoring make them taste like goose or duck eggs, of course altering the size. They will keep for years. That one you have just eaten was nearly a year old. They never spoil nor become rotten, and, being harder and thicker in their shells, they will stand shipping better than real eggs. We calculate that in a few years we will run the hens of the country clean out of business, as oleomargarine has driven out butter. We have a enormous order to fill next year of a lot of different-colored Easter eggs. By an improvement in our machinery, we contemplate turning them out hard boiled. Oh, it's a big thing, and capable, I suppose, of being brought to still greater perfection. One of my employees here insists that, if I go to work at it, I can invent a machine which will run the eggs into an incubator and hatch out spring chickens. Call in again when we have enlarged our place, and maybe we will have more to show you. Good morning. —Newark, N. J. cor. N. Y. Sun.

"Oleo" Ice-Cream.

This is the latest thing out in the way of adulteration of food from tallow, which was once the humble article of commerce used in the manufacture of candles, soap and wagon grease. Its first elevation to the peerage of human food was to our hotels in the shape of "fine Orange County butter," which made the Jersey heifer blush for shame. Next it turned up as a competitor of the American hog, having driven the ancient and honorable cow into the solitude of the rural cheese factory, when we had "prime steam," "prime kettle," and "pure refined" lard, all made with "oleo." But this last is the greatest leap of all, as it has reached the top round of the ladder of human delinquency as well as of exclusiveness. There is only one more "raise" possible for it, and that is not in the human category of progress or enterprise. It may yet become so refined and elevated as to be used as "angel's" food. Having thus passed from the human to the divine sphere of use and nourishment, it may eventually become a delicacy of the gods; and when Juno wants to get the right side of Jove, she will invite him to sip of "oleo" ices washed down with "oleo" nectar.

Our readers may imagine this is all a joke; but we are in earnest, we assure you; we are assured by a gentleman in the "oleo" trade that ice-cream is now actually made of "oleo." What destruction! What destruction of all the fond memories, the poetry, the romance and the sweetness of the nice young man's first dream of love! No more can he make his Dulcinea happy and at the same time get a square meal for himself for twenty-five cents. Those halcyon days are past. The rude hand of science is destroying the great American elixir of this life, ice-cream, with all the fond hopes and the freshness of life which hover like sainted memories about its sacred name, as it is undermining the solace of the future life—theology. Thus disappear our old landmarks of love and religion, one after another, in such rapid succession, that before long "science" will deprive us of all knowledge of what we eat to support the life of the body, as it seeks to deprive us of all "knowledge" of what will perpetuate the life of the soul, while the poor young lovers are left suspended between heaven and earth—as Pope would say—too ethereal for the one, too hungry for the other, and no half way "ice-cream saloon" where they can quench their physical and spiritual thirst and hunger, and look deep into each other's liquid eyes until they should see their love reflected in those mirrors of the soul. Give us Tantalus' fate rather than theirs. Without ice-cream life would be a burden to a large class of our population, and suicides will rapidly increase. Either this must be, and ice-cream prohibited by law, or hereafter we must take our chances of getting our soap, candles and ice-cream served up at the same time and in the same dish, unless we abolish the saloon, buy a freezer, take our girls down in the cellar, and while two souls shall beat as one, make our own ice-cream. —Daily.

George Wegan is an employee of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, in Hazleton, Pa. He has six fingers and a thumb on each hand, and seven toes on one foot and six on the other. One finger on each hand grows from the wrist, above the thumb. On the right hand there are two little fingers. Every finger and toe is perfectly formed. —Philadelphia Press.

Is It So With You?

When they are first married the husband is everything to the wife. House-keeping cares are small, or none at all; there is little society; the days are long and lonely; the wife counts the hours and even the minutes for her husband's return; and everything is ready for his coming, as though he were all the world contained, as indeed he is to her. But this cannot continue long. Children come and divide attention, care and love. Society interposes its claims. The church demands time and thought. There are calls to return, and meetings to attend, and dresses to make, and baby to care for, and the husband has to take the second place. Now, though it is never easy for an idol to step off from his pedestal, or put another one alongside himself, the husband who has a moderate share of common sense will not expect the wife and mother to give the same exclusive thought to him that the young bride gave. But it is no rare experience for the wife and mother to become so absorbed in other duties that her husband recedes steadily from the first place to the third, the fourth, and finally goes out of sight altogether. She no longer watches for his coming; she is surprised when he appears, and half disappointed, too, that he is home so soon, for this bit of household work is not yet taken, and she is really more anxious to finish the seam than to see her husband. The little things that make home happy are forgotten because of the supposed larger duties due to society or the church; and the wife by her self-absorption in a busy, bustling life outside does more to make her husband pagan than to make pagans Christians, because the one she touches very nearly and the other she influences only afar off. We call this life of self-absorption a subtle form of selfishness, because social ambition makes social care a delight and social duty a pleasure; and what the good woman imagines to be a self-denial is really an enjoyment, if not a passion. We have known women who were never weary of invigilating against society who would die of ennui if they were taken out of it.

But this form of selfishness is far oftener seen in the husband than in the wife. He gives himself up to his business, and gives only a fringe and fragment of thought to the woman whom he idolized for a month, or even, with rare fidelity of masculine affection, for a twelvemonth. When he comes home he leaves his mind in the counting-room and only brings his body to the supper table. He is generally abstracted, and often positively cross. His wife has received so many rebuffs from him that, if she is sensitive, she learns to study him furtively before she ventures to address him, even in the quiet of the evening fireside; and if she be not sensitive she answers back, and each sharp battle of words separates them farther and farther from each other. —The Hour.

How to Make Wool Dresses.

Cashmere of a single grave color—gray, sage green, brown, or pilot blue—are being made up for the earliest autumn weather with trimmings of velvet ribbon and of velvet cut from the piece. The round lower skirt may be tucked lengthwise in half-inch tucks to a fourth of a yard of the foot, then left flowing, and the lower half of the flowing part is bordered with velvet an eighth deep. The drapery is plaited to the belt in fourteen large plaits on the front and sides, and drawn away in curves to the side, where it meets short full back drapery; a large knot of velvet and cashmere is placed in front at the curve. The pointed basque has an officer's standing collar of velvet, and below this a square Marie Antoinette collar which extends to the tops of the darts, and inside this square collar is a shirred and plaited cashmere vest which extends to the waist line, and is strapped across there with velvet ribbon that is afterward tied in a bow with ends. To vary such a suit the skirt may be in large kilt plaits with five or six rows of half-inch velvet ribbon near the foot, and the basque may have a plaited vest with a reverse beside it extending around the neck, and covered with rows of velvet ribbon. The sleeves are all high on the shoulders, bouffantly set on, yet without gathers, and finished with very simple cuffs of velvet. Small bullet-shaped buttons of dark metal, or velvet, or eriocheted silk, are used. Velvet ribbon is also set on in figures, with squarely-turned corners, and Greek keys, or in many rows around plain skirts with only narrow plaiting at the foot. Sometimes only the back of the skirt is plaited, while the front and sides are plain, and trimmed across the foot and up each side with folds of velvet, or else rows of velvet ribbon, or of braid. Vests and plastrons will be used again; the newest vests are pointed and are very broad at the waist and below it, but are nearly concealed at the top where the basque meets the throat, and is fastened by two or three buttons below the collar and over the vest. Very large tounes formed by ample and intricate drapery are on all the new costumes. There are also many contrasts of color seen, even new velvet dresses having a maroon (chestnut) skirt with a blue over-dress. The Astrakhan trimmings are seen on costumes as well as on jackets. Very simple polonaises for wool dresses have a front like a basque, and the back drapery of the skirt looked upon the basque just below the waist line, giving the effect of a princess polonaise. Irregular bunches of lengthwise plaits are placed in lower skirts so that they will be displayed in the openings of the drapery. —Harper's Bazar.

The first mermaid of the season was seen recently at Fort Cottage, N. H. The story, complete and unabridged, is as follows: "In the surf, just in front of this house, during a southeast gale, as a few of the islanders were gathered near the beach to witness the effects of the storm, a mermaid made her appearance three times on the top of huge waves, showing to the crowd a head well crowned with long, heavy hair, streaming over the shoulder and bosom, a pleasant face, and long, muscular arms. Taking a long look on shore, this daughter of the sea waved her fair hand, and threw a kiss to the spectators on the strand, and departed again for her haunts in the depths of the ocean. —Chicago Herald.

A gentleman called at the General Land Office at San Francisco recently to file certain papers, and had occasion to sign his name. Being asked to give his name in full he said his Christian name was "Usual." This was thought to be a joke by the Register, but the gentleman gave this explanation of how he happened to receive it: "His father was greatly desirous of having a daughter, but as child after child was born to him, he was disappointed. When the seventh child was born his father was compelled to exclaim: 'A boy as usual.' I guess he will have to go through the world as 'Usual.' Such has proved to be the case. —San Francisco Chronicle.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

A cherry tree that has borne two crops this year is owned by William Lansing, of Lansingburg. —Troy, (N. Y.) Times.

Six hundred sea-lions have been killed on the Fort Osford reef, Oregon, this season, by sealing schooners.

General Ketchum is one of the officers to look after smugglers at New York. Suggestive name. —Indianapolis Journal.

Coyotes are so thick and tame at Mineral Park, Arizona, that they come into town and play with the dogs. —Chicago Times.

A Texas owl mistook a sleeping man's head for a chicken, and fastened his claws into his hair and scalp. Then the man woke up and wrung the owl's neck.

Representatives of every colony of the Cherokee Indians east of the Mississippi met recently in Swain county, North Carolina, and reported a population of 3,000. —Chicago Journal.

Dr. Gibb recommends the use of bromide of ammonia to those who suffer from obesity. When taken in small doses it will absorb fat and diminish the weight of the body with greater certainty than any other known remedy. —N. Y. Sun.

Professional mourners abound in New York. They are only happy at funerals, and there they cry as freely as the nearest relatives of the deceased. They are chiefly women, and undertakers who think a funeral is to be slimly attended send for them. —N. Y. Mail.

Seven years have elapsed since James Lick, the California millionaire, at his death left a vast amount of property for public uses, and not a dollar has reached the designated objects. The trustees, who receive \$1,000 a year each, have just been censured by the California pioneers. —San Francisco Chronicle.

Of the 127,140 persons in English lunatic asylums, only 154 belong to the group of "teachers, schoolmasters, schoolmistresses, governesses, lecturers, and Professors." This is a "lower proportion than in almost any other profession." It would be interesting to know how it is in the United States.

Surprise has often been expressed at the fact that no new species of animal seems to have appeared since the glacial age. Mr. Donald Macintosh, writing in the *Geological Magazine*, advances in explanation of this the new theory, which appears to be growing, that only a few thousand years had elapsed since the glacial beds were laid down.

The Postmaster-General at Washington has received a letter enclosing sixty dollars in gold from the Italian Director of Posts at Rome, with the explanation that the money was found loose in a mail-pouch containing ordinary letters, received from New York on May 19, and that the Italian postal officials had been unable to find to whom the gold belonged.

Dr. Axtelle of Waterbury, Conn., being applied to recently by a man who said his right arm pained him and was useless, found that the shoulder was dislocated and had evidently been so for a long time. The man said he did not know how he hurt himself. Several weeks ago he "went off on a little racket," and after that his arm was in the condition mentioned. The dislocation had gone unattended so long that it was impossible to set the bone. —Hartford Post.

The snuff-box presented to Admiral Baldwin, of the United States navy, by the Czar of Russia, is valued at \$15,000. Six solitaires, three on each side of the portrait, are said to be worth \$1,200 apiece. The portrait is surrounded by a ring of about forty diamonds. The box itself is an art gem, and has a capacity for fully half a pound of snuff, but as the Admiral does not use that article he may keep his plug tobacco in it. —Chicago Herald.

A sad scene recently happened in the jail at New Haven, Conn. A convict, Andrew Heely, aged 34, of Milford, Conn., dropped dead while being served with his food. He was apparently in the best of health when attacked by a fainting fit. He fell and struck his head against an obstacle, producing concussion of the brain. His wife and child, who had come to visit him, reached the jail an hour after he died, and when the sad news was imparted to them it made the stoutest heart beat with sympathy to hear their heartrending grief. —Boston Post.

One of the Kansas Postmasters is more than pleased with the new official order. He says: "When the wife of the first or second class Postmaster officially requests him to beat the carpet, or weed the onion bed, or whitewash the back fence, he can draw out and read Postmaster General Gresham's order forbidding first or second class Postmasters from absenting themselves from their offices. Then he can go out from the sheltering roof of his domicile absorbed in the beautiful thought that 'there is no cloud without a silver lining.' —Chicago News.

The Sandwich Islanders appear to be tolerably good judges of a woman's smile. A Hawaiian newspaper, in describing such an affair, said: "Hee rich, red lips parted, and there flashed upon the landscape two rows of beautiful white teeth. Slowly her mouth opened wider and wider. Deeper grew the dimples in her bronze cheeks. Brighter danced the sunbeams in her eyes, until a stray ray, darting through the foliage of an over-hanging bough, illuminated the deep cavern of her mouth, bringing into view the back of her head. Then, seeing us gaze intently upon her, she shut her jaw and darkness fell upon the scene."

A gentleman called at the General Land Office at San Francisco recently to file certain papers, and had occasion to sign his name. Being asked to give his name in full he said his Christian name was "Usual." This was thought to be a joke by the Register, but the gentleman gave this explanation of how he happened to receive it: "His father was greatly desirous of having a daughter, but as child after child was born to him, he was disappointed. When the seventh child was born his father was compelled to exclaim: 'A boy as usual.' I guess he will have to go through the world as 'Usual.' Such has proved to be the case. —San Francisco Chronicle.

THE NEWS.

BRUCE CHAMP, Publisher.

PARIS. : : : KENTUCKY.

THE MODERN EDIFICE WHICH THE HON. JACK ERECTED.

This is the mansion that quaintly looks like a crazy collection of crannies and nooks, while the red painted roof in contrast is seen with the walls of decidedly bilious green. The shady verandas, all darkly completed, which surround the new villa which Jack erected.

This is the massive and finely carved door, and the hall with its rich India rug on the floor. Which you see as you enter the cottage that looks like a crazy collection of crannies and nooks, etc.

This is the brilliant electric light, which plainly reveals to our curious sight the carvings upon the massive door, and the hall with its rich India rug on the floor. Which you see as you enter the cottage that looks like a crazy collection of crannies and nooks, etc.

This is the furniture, quaint and rare, with a monogram carved on each stately chair, which is seen in the brilliant electric light, and also reveals to our curious sight the carvings upon the massive door, and the hall with its rich India rug on the floor. Which you see as you enter the cottage that looks like a crazy collection of crannies and nooks, etc.

This is the fire-place, famous for miles, for its exquisite frame of painted tiles, which lights up the furniture, quaint and rare, with a monogram carved on each stately chair, etc.

These are the polished brassy "dogs," which support the crackling beechwood logs, inclosed by the fire-place, famous for miles, for its exquisite frame of painted tiles, which lights up the furniture, quaint and rare, with a monogram carved on each stately chair, etc.

Which is seen in the brilliant electric light, which also reveals to our curious sight the carvings upon the massive door, and the hall with its rich India rug on the floor. Which you see as you enter the cottage that looks like a crazy collection of crannies and nooks, etc.

This is the charming, youthful bride, who over this beautiful home will preside, who will gladly lead a luxurious life, as the rich old widower's second wife. Very unlike the maiden forlorn, who walked the cow with the crumpled horn, and worked on the farm from noon 'til night, while she sewed for the priest 'til candle light in the little house that Jack built.

—Portland (Me.) Transcript.

WANTED—A DAUGHTER.

"An actress, sir? Never!" said Mr. Philander Greentree, in a voice that made the windows rattle in their frames. And "Never" echoed his meek little wife, but in so faint a tone that it didn't disturb in the least the fly that was sitting on one of the pretty white puffs on her dear old head.

"And if you persist in being in love with the young woman, you must cease to be an inmate of my house," shouted Mr. Greentree. "And if you marry her, by heavens! I'll scratch you."

"Yes, we'll be obliged to scratch you," added the old lady, as mildly as she had spoken before, looking at the same time as though it would be utterly impossible for her to scratch any one under any circumstances whatever. Not that they meant scratching in the common sense of the word: scratching the young man's name from his uncle's will was the punishment they threatened.

"And I'll never give you a penny," thundered Uncle Philander.

"Oh, William, think of that!—not even a penny," said Aunt Tamasin.

"And I'll adopt a girl—I will, by heavens!" the old man went on, growing more and more angry every minute. "No more ungrateful boys for me. And she'll marry to please us, and her children shall be our grandchildren."

"My dear boy, consider," entreated the old lady. "How dreadful, how very dreadful, for us to have strange grandchildren!"

"Uncle and aunt—I suppose I must call you father and mother no longer," said the young man, slowly and firmly. "I am truly sorry to vex you, but I have pledged my faith to Miss Fieldbrook, and I can not and will not break it. She is an actress, but as good and lovely a girl as ever trod the earth—sweeter and lovelier than any girl I have been my lot to meet. And if you would only allow me to bring her here—"

"Bring her here?" repeated his uncle, stamping about the room in his rage. Here, where your mother—I mean your aunt Tamasin—has lived in quiet, virgin—I mean quiet, holy—I mean quietness and peace, sir, for nearly half a century? How dare you even think of such a thing, sir? An actress capering around these apartments! Good heavens!"

"I wouldn't be exactly right, William, you know," said Aunt Tamasin. "I never was a caper, and at my time of life I don't think I could get used to one. I don't, indeed."

"Oh, you dear, funny old mother—"

"auntie!" began Will, with a smile, but encountering his uncle's wrathful eyes and frowning brow, he grew serious again, and said: "Well, if you positively refuse to receive Eva, I suppose we must part. I am very, very thankful to you for all you have done for me since I was left a fatherless and motherless boy; but give up the woman I love for a thoroughly unreasonable prejudice of yours I can not and will not. And so good-bye. Uncle, you will shake hands with me?"

"No, I won't," replied Mr. Greentree brusquely.

"Aunt, will you let me kiss you?"

"Of course I will, my dear boy," said Mrs. Greentree. "And if you change your mind, come back to us directly. We start for Greentree Cottage in a few days, you know, and I shall keep your room ready for you there all summer."

"No, don't, auntie dear, kissing her not once, but three or four times, 'for I shall not change my mind, and perhaps, being one of the prettiest rooms in the house, my room may be chosen by your adopted daughter. And I hope from the bottom of my heart that she may send as many happy hours there as I have. Good-bye. Good-bye, father-uncle."

But Uncle Philander answered not by look nor word, and as the hall door closed after his nephew, he exclaimed again: "An actress! By heavens! the boy's gone mad, and I wash my hands of him forever."

"Don't say forever," begged Aunt

Tamasin. "Forever's a long time—very long time, Philander. And, oh dear! how I shall miss him! Such a good child as he has always been ever since he came to us fifteen years ago! Better in some things even than you, Philander; for you know you always say bad words when I lose my spectacles, which he never did, but looked for them time and again with the patience of an angel." And taking off said spectacles, she proceeded to lose them once more by laying them on the back of the sofa, whence they dropped to the floor behind it, where, with the dreadful "depravity of inanimate things," they remained snugly hidden, while she wept silently in her large lemon-verbena scented silk handkerchief.

A few days after Will Greentree bade them "good-bye" the old couple were installed for the summer season in their comfortable country house, Greentree Cottage. And to Greentree Cottage came, before they had been there a week, this note from one of their oldest and most intimate friends:

"NEW YORK, June 20, 1882. "MY DEAR TAMASIN AND PHILANDER.—You told me, you will remember, just as you were leaving the city, that you would like to receive into your home this summer some young girl—the more friendless the better for your purpose—with a view, should she prove lovable and entertaining, to adopting her. Strange as it may appear, you had not been gone more than two hours when I met a young girl who I think will suit you to a charm. She is pretty, of cheerful disposition, tolerably well educated, and naturally very clever; is an orphan and her grandmother and only relative, with whom she lived, having died three weeks ago homeless. I have spoken to her about your wish, and she is perfectly willing—nay, anxious—to come to you. And I am sure her companionship will add to your happiness, and help you to forget the disfigurement of your self-willed nephew. Anyhow, receive her as a summer guest for my sake, for I loved and lost her mother; that is, she married the other chap."

"Faithfully yours, JAMES TOWNSLY." Mr. Greentree's face brightened as he read this note. "There, my dear," he said, handing it to his wife, "Townly—he always was the best and most reliable old chum a fellow ever had—has already found our daughter. For this girl will certainly please us, being heartily approved of by him. Pretty, clever, and cheerful."

"Yes, so he says," said his wife; "but he needn't have called poor William bad names, for all that. And I won't give her the boy's room. There's so many trunks and boots and baseballs and fishing things in it, that couldn't be of the slightest use to her, and would only be in her way."

"Do as you like about that, my dear," rejoined Mr. Greentree, who, to tell the truth, was secretly pining for the discarded one, and anxious to have some young life in the cottage; "but see that the room she is to have is got ready immediately, for I shall telegraph to Townly to send her at once."

And he did. And the result of the telegram was that the very next morning Miss Zerelda Ardemann made her best courtesy to the old lady and gentleman who wanted a daughter.

And never were any elderly people so quickly and entirely bewitched by any fair maiden as were Philander and Tamasin Greentree by this same violet-eyed, golden-haired, sweet-voiced, petite Zerelda Ardemann.

And as day followed day, and week followed week, she became more and more dear to them. She went through the house from morn till eve, warbling like a bird, and when evening came she sat at the old-fashioned piano and sang the quaint old English ballads that Tamasin used to sing in her youth, while Philander, brave in his swallow-tailed, brass-buttoned blue coat, turned the pages of the music with gentle hand. She tripped lightly over field and meadow every day, and culled the loveliest of wild flowers, which with a grace that was all her own she arranged in vases and shells, and whatever she could find to hold them, until each room looked like a fairy bower.

And many a beautiful poem she repeated with rare skill in the gloaming, bringing the happy tears to the eyes of her delighted listeners. "Ah! if Will had only made her his choice!" the old lady would say to her husband at least a dozen times a day.

"By heavens! if he had," that impulsive individual would reply, "he wouldn't have waited long for my blessing."

The summer passed pleasantly, very pleasantly, away, and the advent of autumn found Mr. and Mrs. Greentree more in love than ever, if that were possible, with their charming guest.

"And do you think you could love us enough to call us father and mother, and to promise that when you give your whole heart to some one else you will not forsake us?" asked Mrs. Greentree of Zerelda one sunny September day.

"I know I could—I know I do," answered the girl emphatically. "But I have a confession to make to you that I fear will turn you from me."

"My dear, it must be something very terrible to do that. But make it at once, and have it over. Philander! Philander! Zerelda has something to tell us which she fears will make us love her less. Philander dropped the newspaper he was reading on the porch, and stepped into the dining-room through the open window. Zerelda stood in the center of the room with drooping head, but as soon as he had entered she tossed back the little ringlets that tried to shade the brightness of her eyes, placed her two little hands in the lace-trimmed pockets of her dainty apron, danced lightly across to where the old couple were now seated side by side, and said, in a voice fraught with innocent cheeriness: "After all, what I have to tell isn't so very bad. I have amused you both since I came here, haven't I? And I can go away at once if you wish me to go."

"And then, dropping gracefully on one knee, and folding her hands in pretty entreaty, she said: "Please, sir, and please, ma'am, I am an actress, and my stage name is Eva Fieldbrook. But all that your friend Mr. Townly told you about me is true."

"An actress!" exclaimed Mr. Philander Greentree.

"Eva Fieldbrook!" said his wife.

"Then you are the girl that Will—"

"That Will—the same," replied Zerelda, demurely, still kneeling. "Please forgive me for being that girl."

But Mr. Greentree, without another word, bounced from his chair and tore out of the room. Zerelda sprang to her feet. "I'd better begin packing at once," she said, with a serious face.

"I'm sorry to have vexed him so much. But indeed, it wasn't my scheme at all. Mr. Townly and Will made it up between them. They thought that if you knew me you would—"

"And we do," interrupted the old lady, laying her hand lightly on her arm to detain her. "Don't you do anything in haste, my dear. You don't understand Mr. Greentree as well as I do. Sometimes when he seems most angry he is most pleased. I'm sure he doesn't want you to go away."

"Of course he don't. Who said he did?" asked the old gentleman, entering the room hastily again. "I've just sent a telegram to Will telling him important business calls him here. There's another name for you, my dear—Important Business. Not as pretty as either of the others, but we'll find a fourth before we get through that will suit you best of all—Zerelda Greentree. How do you like it?"

"And I shan't have grandchildren the least bit strange after all," said Aunt Tamasin, a bright smile lighting up her dear good old face. —Margaret Eytling in Harper's Weekly.

Things are Not What They Seem.

Now in these latter days a man unshaven and unshorn, whose raiment was rent and torn, drove with his chariot into the chief city of Hunterdon County, N. J., which is called Flemington. And he drove a horse whose years seemed many and whose ribs did stick out and seemed to burst through his skin. And the chariot was old and rickety and rolled with much noise and rattle. And the harness was tied up with many strings and it seemed ever as if about to fall to pieces.

And this man driving up to the caravansary in Flemington drew forth one of the reins from the rustic rings of the collar, and with this he did secure his raw-boned, spavined old plug to the hitching post. And those who stood by laughed and mocked and cried, "Doth he so fasten his animal that he shall hold him up that he fall not on the ground?"

Then the multitude came together, even the multitude of Flemington, and said one in scorn, "For what wilt thou sell that animal?" And the man said he would take eighty pieces of silver, but not in trade shekels. And they offered him \$40.

And the man with the torn raiment waxed wroth and cried: "Verily this horse which I have cherished from a colt can whoop it over the ground a mile in three minutes!"

And they all laughed him to scorn. Then said John Ramsey, a leader of the people and a man of authority at primaries and elections, "I will wager three money that thy horse cannot go one mile in ten minutes."

And Jacob Vite, another man, a politician of the county, cried: "Verily I will wage thee twenty broad pieces of silver that he can travel no mile in three minutes, and thou shalt repair unto the hippodrome without the gates and speed thy old plug."

And Elisha, the son of Ophyke, and Vite and Ramsey and a strange man did all chip in, and they made up a purse of 100 silver pieces.

But they were astonished when he who drove the old plug did quickly over their money. And he drew forth from his chariot a light set of harness. Then he said: "Lo, this my chariot is too heavy to speed upon the hippodrome. Lend me, some of you, a light buggy, or a trotting sulky, that I may have a fair show." And some among them brought him the lighter chariot.

And he put before it the old plug and fastened him thereunto and started for the hippodrome, and all the multitude of Flemington followed him to the "plug."

"Go!" cried the plug did go with exceeding swiftness, even so that those who beheld were made dizzy by the sight and the eyes of those who had but to stand forth from their sockets, and they drew long breaths and groaned. For the old plug did his mile in 2:52.

And the man with the ragged raiment raked in all their shekels and did then shake the dust from his feet and depart to play it low on the cities and towns roundabout. And with him disappeared also the stranger who had chipped in and with a loud voice "egged on" the betting.

And there is now a wailing and gnashing of teeth in Flemington, for they who wagered their shekels for him they have been badly played. —N. Y. Graphic.

Narrow Escape From a Shark.

A colored boy from Mexico, fifteen years of age, employed on board of the steamship City of Puebla, now in this port, had a wonderful escape from a large shark at Vera Cruz. The boy could not speak English, but Commodore Deakin, commander of the steamship, who had been an eye-witness, told the story yesterday. He said: "We were lying outside of the harbor at Vera Cruz loading, as we were afraid of getting the yellow fever if we went into the harbor, and this boy Pedro, was cleaning out a boat which was lying alongside the vessel. He was leaning over washing off one of the seats when a shark's jaws appeared above the surface and made a snap for the darky. But Pedro was warned just in time, and went overboard on the opposite side of the boat at the same moment as the shark landed in the boat. The shark floundered around in the boat until he got his head over the gunwale, and then went overboard before we could get a chance to harpoon him. The little darky, almost white with fright, lost no time after the shark went over, but scrambled into the boat and came on deck. We couldn't get that boy to wash that boat out after that." Chief Engineer Bloxam, the chief steward, and other officers of the vessel, gave a similar account of this wonderful escape. —N. Y. Tribune.

A Philadelphia philanthropist, determined to emulate Vanderbilt's example, gave \$500 to a waiter at a summer resort hotel, and the waiter merely said: "Thank you," and made a little extra haste to execute the philanthropist's dinner order. It turned out that the young man was not a poor college student, but a professional waiter, to whom a \$500 fee was no curiosity. An editorial excursion had passed through there only a few days before. —Philadelphia News.

German medical journals discuss a new medical agent lately discovered by Prof. Fisher, of Munich. In the course of a long series of investigations concerning the nature and action of quinine, he found that by means of a series of chemical transformations a substance can be obtained, in the form of a white crystalline powder, from coal tar, which greatly resembles quinine in its action on the human organism. Fisher has given it the name of "kairin." The chief effect produced by it, as yet observed, is the rapid diminution of fever heat, and its efficiency in this respect is described as remarkable. It is believed that it will render the use of ice in fever cases unnecessary, and that its skillful employment will enable the physician to moderate the temperature of the patient. Kairin is also reported to have less inconvenience for the stomach than quinine. But observation does not show—as yet, at least—that it possesses that tonic and restorative influence for which quinine is so frequently administered. Perhaps, from a chemical and physiological point of view, the most valuable thing about the new discovery is that it seems to bring us nearer to finding out the chemical nature of quinine itself and the true character of its agency. The discovery has been patented, and under the direction of Prof. Leubenhoeimer, of Giessen, but, as it is said that the cost of producing a kilogramme (about 35 ounces) of the new agent is £15, it will be some time before its patrons can hope to see it take the place of quinine in practical pharmacy. —Chicago Times.

After the clergyman had united a happy pair, not long ago, an awful silence ensued, which was broken by an impatient youth exclaiming: "Don't be so unspeakably happy!" —Rochester (N. Y.) Express.

A negro at Augusta, Ga., catches fish by diving.

Army Punishments.

In different sections of the army, various expedients were resorted to for the purpose of correcting minor offenses. What particularly shape the punishment should assume depended very much upon the inventive faculty of the Field and Staff, or of such officers of the line as might have charge of the case.

Before taking the field, a few citizen sneak-thieves were discovered prowling about among the tents. These were promptly drummed out of camp to the tune of the "Rogues' March," the whole regiment shouting in derision as the miserable fellows took to their heels when the procession reached the limits of the camp, where they were told to be gone, and never show their faces in camp again on pain of a more severe handling.

If, while we were lying in camp, a man refused to do his duty, he was at once taken to the guard-house, which is the military name for "look-up." Once there, at the discretion of the officers, he was either simply confined and put on bread and water, or else ordered to carry a log or a knapsack filled with stones, "two hours on and two off," day and night, until such time as he was deemed to have done sufficient penance.

In more extreme cases a court-martial was held, and the penalty of forfeiture of all pay due, with hard labor for thirty days, or the like, was inflicted.

One day down in front of Petersburg, a number of us had been making a friendly call on some acquaintances over in another regiment. As we were returning home, we came across what we took to be a well, and, wishing a drink, we all stopped. The well in question, as was usual there, was nothing but a barrel sunk in the ground, for at some places the ground was so full of springs that, in order to get water, all you had to do was to sink a box or barrel, and the water would soon collect of its own accord. Stopping down and looking into the barrel in question, Andy discovered a man standing in the well, engaged in bailing out the water.

"What's he doing down there in that hole?" asked some one of our company.

"Why," said the guard, who was standing near by, and whom we had taken for the customary guard of the spring, "you see, comrades, our Colonel has his own way of punishin' the boys. One thing he won't let 'em do—he won't let 'em get intoxicated. If they do, they go into the gopher hole. Jim, there, is in the gopher hole now. That hole has a spring at the bottom, and the water comes in pretty fast; and if Jim wants to keep dry, he's got to keep dippin' all the time, or else stand in water up to his waist—and Jim isn't so mighty fond o' water, either." —Harry Kiefer, in St. Nicholas.

Character of the Frontier Desperado.

Let me assure you my younger readers that there is nothing heroic in the "Billy the Kid" type on the frontier. The desperado is too lazy to work for a living. He is a thief and a cut-throat whenever he can cut a throat without fear. There are some brave men among them, to be sure, but their bravery arises from a consciousness of their matchless command of their weapons. They know perfectly well that they can shoot an ordinary man dead before his hand reaches his pistol. Often they have the triggers of their Colts 45 filed off, and fire by snapping the hammer with the thumb, whirling the pistols in their hands and shooting as the weapon comes to a level. And they are dead shots, as they need to be. Yet the "bad men" who haunt the groceries with their weapons ostentatiously displayed, who are given to shooting right and left when drunk, and, indeed, to discharging their "guns" at all times—these fellows will rarely take the chances in a fair, stand-up fight. They wait until they can "get the drop" on a man, or shoot him from behind on a dark night. Don't look for any signs of chivalry among them. They are the meanest of all mean brutes. It is well that the changes wrought in the West by the completion of the various railroads announce that their race is nearly run. But this is an unpleasant subject. I have known so much of this sort of thing, however, that I could not forbear a word to offset the curious belief among some young people in the East that the Western "bad man" is a more noble figure than the Boston burglar or wife beater. He isn't. —Cor. Boston Herald.

A Rival of Quinine.

German medical journals discuss a new medical agent lately discovered by Prof. Fisher, of Munich. In the course of a long series of investigations concerning the nature and action of quinine, he found that by means of a series of chemical transformations a substance can be obtained, in the form of a white crystalline powder, from coal tar, which greatly resembles quinine in its action on the human organism. Fisher has given it the name of "kairin." The chief effect produced by it, as yet observed, is the rapid diminution of fever heat, and its efficiency in this respect is described as remarkable. It is believed that it will render the use of ice in fever cases unnecessary, and that its skillful employment will enable the physician to moderate the temperature of the patient. Kairin is also reported to have less inconvenience for the stomach than quinine. But observation does not show—as yet, at least—that it possesses that tonic and restorative influence for which quinine is so frequently administered. Perhaps, from a chemical and physiological point of view, the most valuable thing about the new discovery is that it seems to bring us nearer to finding out the chemical nature of quinine itself and the true character of its agency. The discovery has been patented, and under the direction of Prof. Leubenhoeimer, of Giessen, but, as it is said that the cost of producing a kilogramme (about 35 ounces) of the new agent is £15, it will be some time before its patrons can hope to see it take the place of quinine in practical pharmacy. —Chicago Times.

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A negro at Augusta, Ga., catches fish by diving.

The Lord Chief Justice.

The visit of the Lord Chief Justice of England to the United States, accompanied, as is probable, by some of his more distinguished professional brethren, promises to be an event of unusual interest in legal annals. This will not be the first occasion on which a Judge of his distinction has left England to take part in the proceedings of a congress of lawyers of a foreign State; but Lord Coleridge will be the first Lord Chief Justice who has ever braved the terrors of the Atlantic passage.

Like many another great office and hereditary distinction in England, that of Lord Chief Justice may be traced back to William the Conqueror, by whom it was imported from his native Normandy. A Chief Justice (whence the present title) superintended the administration of justice over the whole Norman Earldom; and, according to the manners of the age, both military and civic powers of great magnitude were conferred upon him. William's plan, after he had assumed the sovereign power, was to have a grand central tribunal in England for the whole realm, but in which all causes of importance should originate and be finally decided. This tribunal was afterward called Curia Regis, and some times Aula Regis, because it assembled in the hall of the King's palace. The great officers of State—that is to say, the Constable, the Marshal, the Seneschal, the Chamberlain, and the Treasurer—were the Judges, and over them presided the Chief Justiciar. When the King was beyond seas he governed his Kingdom like a Viceroy. In rank he had precedence over all the nobility, and his power was greater than that of all other magistrates. For two centuries the Aula Regis was preserved. Edward I., sometimes called the English Justinian, abolished it, and not only systematized and reformed the public principles of English jurisprudence, but finally framed the courts for the administration of justice as they subsisted in England for more than six centuries—till, in fact, the formation of a modern Supreme Court of Judicature within the last five years. Edward constituted the "Court of our Lord the King before the King himself," or "Court of King's Bench." Here the King was supposed personally to preside, assisted by the First Common-Law Judge, who took the title and dignity of Lord Chief Justice. And so it happened that when Queen Victoria opened in December, 1882, the present royal courts of justice in London, she revived that ancient tradition in her own person. When all had been done as appointed, the courts opened, and the greater ceremony of the day completed, the Attorney-General, advancing from the ranks of the Queen's counsel below the dais, came to the steps of the Queen's chair and said: "May I please your Majesty, on behalf of the bar of England, I come to pray that your Majesty will be pleased to direct that the proceedings of this day shall be entered on the records of the Supreme Court." The Lord Chancellor, on behalf of the Queen, to this request made answer: "Her Majesty has been pleased to direct that this shall be done as prayed." And after this fashion Queen Victoria revived the common practice of her ancestors of the House of Plantagenet of the thirteenth century. She presided in her own court, in the midst of the Judges, with the chief representatives of the bar before her, though counsel learned in the law were hardly in vogue, it need scarcely be said, in the earlier days of the "Court of our Lord the King" holden before himself. —London Cor. Boston Herald.

Improving a Style.

"I like to get some law-suits on a gang of young fellows," he replied, as the Chief of Police asked him what was wanted.

"What do you mean?"

"Vhell, I vvas shwindled und made some fools of. When I tink it all oafar I am so madt dot I clean out my own saloon mit a gub."

"Do you want to enter a complaint?"

"Vhell, I should remarks! I like to enter oafar forty complaints if I haf a shance."

"Make your statement."

"Vhell, I keep a saloon on—street. You may have seen dot some Aldermans come to my place und vvas treated shust like Princes?"

"Go on."

"It vvas Saturday eafenings; I vvas all alone. By and by some loafer comes in, but he vvhants noddings. Pooty queek I haf six or seven shust like him. Nopody vvhants no beer nor pool nor dominoes, und I vvas madt!"

"I am following you."

"Vhell, by and by I asks if dot erowd expects me to pay rent mit such customers, und one loafer he says: 'Vhell, vhy doan' you sell beer by der new game?' So he tells me dot der new game vvas for all der gang to take a drink, und den I vvas to call in der dog from der back yard. Vvhichever loafer dot dog shmells of first must pay for all."

"Quite funny."

"It vvas, eh? I doan' see it. Sometimes I vvas tickled, but not now. All der loafers said it vvas shust like dey does in New York und Boston, und I goes after der dog."

"And he didn't smell of any of them?"

"No! But vhy! Because, vvhile I vvas gone after him all dose loafers ship avhay like grease! If dot vvas der New York und Boston vay I vvas a fool!"

"You can't do anything," said the Chief.

"Can't I get some law-suits?"

"No."

"Can't I haf some loafers sent mit der work house?"

"No."

"Must I put up mit such shwindles like dot?"

"You must look out for them."

"Now I vvas madt like a wet hen!" exclaimed the caller, as he rose up. "I tell you sometings, und doan' you forget all about it! I keep my dog behind der bar! By to-morrow some loafer come in und vvhants to know if I sell beer by der New York und Boston vway. I let dot dog loose mit a shunille all oafar me, und den he shlops smelling of dot loafer you may send some boleeccams to pick up der pieces! If a dog in der back yard vvas New York und Boston style, I improve on it mit some Detroit style of a dog behind der bar!" —Detroit Free Press.

Fall Treatment of Meadow.

Now that the hay is off from the meadows, the propriety of pasturing the aftermath may be discussed. There are conflicting opinions upon this question. Some farmers prefer and advise to pasture the aftermath closely, leaving no dead growth in the bottom to smother the young herbage in the spring and to clog the mower when cutting the next year's hay. Some persons who are not farmers and cannot take a practical view of this matter, and some who are, think it better to leave the aftermath as a protection to the sod against the winter's frosts and thaws. There are some things to be said on both sides, but the right course depends upon circumstances, which vary considerably. For our own part, we prefer to get all we can from the soil, believing that the earth is generous and sufficiently fruitful to give us freely all we can take. Moreover, having had experience with grass lands which have had a thick aftermath left upon them, and realized the difficulty of cutting the hay the next season, we would even take extra pains to have the aftermath as closely eaten or moved off as possible late in the season. We have found, too, that the dense dead grass provides harbors for mice, which burrow in the sod and make havoc with the grass roots. It also protects the sod from frosts and thus permits the white grubs and other insect larvae to feed upon the roots, so much as to frequently cut off acres of sod loose from the soil and leave it free as a carpet upon it. These injuries are so severe and so frequent upon meadows covered with dead aftermath that we should view with great apprehension the probable condition of the sod in the spring. But we have said that it depends upon circumstances whether the aftermath should be eaten or mown or not. Certainly, it depends upon the character of the soil. If the grass is a new seeding and the roots have not taken a firm hold upon the soil, the aftermath had better be left as a protection to them. If the soil is one that readily heaves the sod by tearing the roots, the same course should be taken. If the meadow is thrifty and the sod firmly established, we would take off all the grass up to the latest period of the fall, but we would repay our draft upon it by giving back to it early in winter a liberal top-dressing of manure, or just now a dressing of plaster or fine manure, which would strengthen the roots and thicken the sod and make this an equivalent protection by its denseness, as the aftermath could be by its length. One other point should be noticed, which is that if the grass is pastured it is indispensable that the droppings either of horses or cows should be broken up and evenly spread before the winter to avoid their wasteful and unsightly effects upon the field the following year. When sheep are pastured this is not necessary, and where there is a choice of stock to be used sheep will be found by far the best for the purpose. In fact, a farmer might do well to give away the aftermath of a meadow to any neighbor who would pasture it closely with a flock of sheep, for the sake of the even clearing of it off and the return of fine manure the flock would make to the soil. —N. Y. Times.

Cruelty to Horses.

I have seen men working horses whose shoulders were greatly swollen and as raw as a piece of fresh beef. This is not only cruel, but altogether inexcusable for it can be prevented. It most often occurs in the spring when the horses are put to hard work and the comparative rest of winter has made their shoulders tender. The first point to be gained is a good collar. In purchasing one select one of the same degree of hardness on both sides. If it galls the shoulder mark the spot that does the mischief. Then remove the collar and cut a narrow slit lengthwise where the hames fit, and opposite your mark. Through this slit pull out some of the stuffing and pound the face of the collar opposite to this. Another good way to protect a galled spot is to place a pad above and below it. The best pad is made by stuffing an old coat or shirt sleeve with timothy hay. Arrange it so that you can wrap the pad around the collar, and do not have much hay where the hames come across it. The hames will hold the pad to its place. Such a pad is soft and elastic; when the draft is slackened it will spring the collar forward and rest and cool the affected parts. The best way to prevent galled shoulders is to wash them each evening when you first commence to work the horses in the spring. After the harness is removed wash the shoulders clean with cold water and then bathe them for some time with strong brine. I have not had a single sore shoulder since I adopted the plan of bathing the shoulders with salt-brine. It cools them off, allays inflammation and toughens them. I keep an old can and a rag tied on the end of a stick in the stable. It is but a moment's work to stir up some brine in the can and put it on the shoulders with the rag and stick. It is not only a good preventive for sore shoulders, but the best remedy for them that I know of. If the flesh is

